[1]

SEJANUS:

OR THE

Popular Favourite,

Now in his Solitude, and Sufferings.

Written for the Conſolation of *E. S.* the Famous *Bromigen Proteſtant*, in Bonds, and Impriſonment, for the *Good Old Cauſe*, and the Truths ſake.

By *TIMOTHY TORY.*

——— *Facit indignatio verſus.*
Difficile eſt hîc Satyram non ſcribere. Juv.

IS this thy Glory now? is this thy Pride,
Of ſticking to the Saints, and Godly ſide?
Religious Bugbear words that fright from hence,
From Subject, all their Loyalty to Prince,
Make black Rebellion, ſeem white Innocence;
Entitle Heaven, to the vileſt Crimes,
Make Deity, like Rabble, blame the Times.
Mad Zealots! ſo Atheiſtically civil,
Blaſpheme the Gods, to Complement the Devil.
The mightieſt of theſe inſpir'd Saints, is come
To Crown himſelf with fancied Martyrdom:
Geneva Whig, that ſtill crys out at *Rome*,
But raiſes ſtill Domeſtick Broils at home.
How quietly Great *Charles* might end his Reign,
Which all in Troubles the poor Prince began,
Now vext by Ghoſt, meer ſhadow of a Man:
The cunning Hypocrite, that ſtill can ſpy
The ſmalleſt Mote in his kind Prince's eye,
By Zeal, and Nature, made ſo double blind,
That in his own the Beam he cannot find:
Some ſay but one vaſt Luminary ſtands
In's furrow'd brow, and watches all the Land;
But ſunk into its hole, crept out of ſight,
As if it were afraid to ſee the Light,
His Skull's too narrow Circle can't contain
His Tow'ring thought, and vaſt Gygantick brain;

Blinded again with hopes of Reformation,
Poor little *Polyphemus* of the Nation;
That mighty Monſter brav'd the riſing Floud,
And this can wade through a whole Sea of Blood.
How hath this wretched Iſle been chang'd, and curſt,
Since thou wert born, and ſince it knew thee firſt!
How did its Tributary Rivers pay
A bloudy, dreadful Homage to the Sea!
Whilſt on the Purpl'd Ocean thou didſt ride,
And Tack about ſtill with the Wind and Tide:
This floating Bark, he now again would Steer,
Ah! treacherous Pilot, and falſe Mariner;
The Kingdom's yet ſcarce mended Hulk to ſave,
Would launch again into the Purple wave:
Religious Bully! that can cheat a Nation,
And make it periſh, working out Salvation.
Three Kingdoms he o'relooks, and ſoon can count
The *Tories* all, from *Barwick*, to the *Mount*:
Sifts Cities, Shires, to find what each afford;
Calls this *Tantivy*, that *Proteſting Lord*:
Sees what grave Noddle's for Caballing fit,
And who are *Bromigens* of Senſe and Wit.
Theſe are the Faculties of Soul and Mind,
And here his Body as compleat you find;
From's liquid Corp, diſtills a fleeting gore,
And the whole Carcaſs, makes one putrid Sore.
The better to emit this flowing Sap,
His Belly carries ſtill a Silver Tap,
Through which black Treaſon, all its Dregs doth ſtrein
At once, both Excrements, of Guts, and Brain;
But ſome will have his clear, thin Body paſs,
For a refined ſort of Optick-glaſs:
Some make the poliſht Fabrick of his Bone
A glittering Skeleton of Specular Stone.
Old *Ovid*'s Muſe from hence may take her flights,
Her *Argus* only had an hundred ſights;
This little Monſtrous Corps, is Eye all o're,
And the whole Body ſees at every Pore;
Sees hatching Thought, meer Embrio of a Plot,
Nay ſees it oft before it be begot.
But to ſay truth, his Opticks are but two,
Yet more than *Ovid*'s Centinel can do
With hundred Eyes, that many things could view;
But this ſees many hundred ways with two:
So quick, ſo nimble, and ſuch rolling Eyes,
They watch each other, like two cunning Spies,
Leſt this declare for King, and that for People,
For * Cities Pyramid, or Churches Steeple,
Poor turning, winding, weathercock of State,
Set on the doubtful Pinacle of Fate,
And now will turn again, if not too late.

* The Citizens have made a great clutter of late about their Monument, as if their Inſcriptions there would keep out Popery better than all the Writings of the Churchmen.

If

If well corrected for his Inſolence,
The little Spaniel fawns upon his Prince;
But once eſcap'd the Ax, or fatal Loops,
Straight to the dull unthinking Rabble ſtoops,
Pufft up with the vain blaſt of Vulgar breath,
Thus ſmall State-Urchins hurry to their death:
So the kind Air with an officious blaſt,
Toſſes poor Bubbles, to the Clouds, at laſt;
Dances the little Globe about the Skie,
Then breaks the glittering Ball it fann'd ſo high.
So *Romes* fam'd * Darling once that govern'd all, * *Sejanus.*
With the inconſtant Rout did ſtand or fall;
Th' obliged Camp, their General did crown,
Then dragg'd his ragged Carcaſs through the Town.
Weak Fools! that think they may ſecurely flee
On the looſe wings of wild Inconſtancy,
Or on its Metaphor, the *Mobile.*

Digusted by the Rout, this cunning Wight
Runs cringeing to his injur'd Monarch ſtraight,
Whoſe goodneſs is too ready to forgive,
Faulty alone in ſuffering him to live.
Advanc'd to follow Mace, and wear a Gown,
The *Tony* then ſaw *Mutineers* in Town,
But now they all *True Proteſtants* are grown.
Whilſt he unto its Chambers can reſort,
There's nought, alas, of *Popery* at Court;
Clap the Prophetick Soul but in the *Tobit*,
It ſtraight Divines of *Arbitrary Pow'r.*
Now leaves the Rout, and then as ſoon as able,
Leaves his good Prince, juſt as he left the Rabble.
Who e're before ſaw ſuch a Little thing
Contend with Monarch, grapple with a King!
Of Giants oft we read, that fought the Skies,
Cufft back the Thunder of the Deities;
But ne're of Pigmy Lord that did the ſame,
A Lord that's only fit to fight with Crane.
* This buſie Noddle of the Factious Crew, * The Green-Ribband Club deſcrib'd, of which he is made the Head.
Not now diſtinguiſh'd by th' old Northern Blew,
(The Badge of upſtart Whigs muſt ſtill be new)
With his Green bob in this new Senate ſits,
And round him all thoſe Liv'ry-men of wits;
Some raze a name, and ſome inſert a clauſe,
Order their Bills themſelves, and Vote them Laws:
With awful care ſome Scriblers penning be
A Speech for *. *Sitter Scotlands Liberty*, * Reported ſpoken by E. S.
'Gainſt *L—dale*'s unbounded Tyranny.
There a young Scribe is copying out a Cant,
Next morn for to be ſpoke in Parliament:
Upſtarts an Hector, ſwears upon a Book, * The Oath common to one of the Club.
* *Gad you ſhall ſee we will exclude the Duke.*

This

This brings a Bill 'gainſt *Arbitrary Power*,
And that will ſend a Member to the *Tower*;
One Votes him to be *Cenſur'd on his Knees*,
This cries *Diſcharge*, that *Let him pay his Fees*:
And in the little Club you fairly ſee,
Of the Great Senate an Epitome.
But now the Mouth of this *Young Rump* is gone,
The diſſolv'd Members ſcatter in the Town;
Poor *Tony*'s now confin'd, and like to write
All that fierce Indignation can indite;
His ſecond Volume quickly will appear,
The * *Tower* alway made him Scribler.

* He writ a Pamphlet when laſt there.

As we below on ſome bright Meteor gaze,
Poor Panick Fools, admire a Little blaze,
Which once dropt down, regardleſs we paſs by,
As too vile object for our ſcorniful Eye.
The gazing Croud thus him in Luſtre view,
Careſs, admire, and adore him too;
But once Eclips'd, or ſhaded in a Cloud,
Away runs all the ſilly buzzing Croud.
All thy paſt ſhifts will ſerve thee now no more,
Or there is ſcarce another left in ſtore:
The Tempter his old Sore'reſs doth forſake,
When once h' hath brought the wither'd Hag to Stake:
When the glib * changing Monſter once was ta'ne,
And fetter'd in the cunning Shepherds chain,
With all its wiles he never could eſcape,
Though chang'd to Fiſh, to Dragon, and to Ape,
And every minute put on other ſhape.

* *Proteus* taken by *Ariſtæus*.

Our ſad diſtracted *Albion* gaz'd around,
She ſaw no Foe, but ſtill ſhe felt a wound:
The bleeding Deer thus trembling ſtands at Bay,
But can't find where the cloſe hid Archer lay.
As on the winding Banks, and watry Maze,
Where fam'd *Meander* cuts his crooked ways,
The loſt, confounded Traveller doth gaze,
At laſt kind Fate, or Providence doth bring
The poor deſpairing Soul unto the Spring:
So ſome kind Angel, *Genius* of this Iſle,
Where Peace, alas! with thee could never ſmile,
Hath taught us now to make her flouriſh ſtill,
Shewn us the hidden *Source* of all her ill.
Reaſon the *Plummet*, *Wit* the *Line* ſhall be,
Both ſtretcht to *fathom*, and to *meaſure* thee:
Lead through the Labyrinth of all thy Tricks,
All the wild *Mazes* of thy *Politicks*.

FINIS.

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